

THE BIG BLUE UNION.

BY G. D. SWEARINGEN.

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its Way."

VOLUME I, NUMBER X.

MARYSVILLE, KANSAS, SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1862.

THE BIG BLUE UNION.

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

G. D. SWEARINGEN, Proprietor.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One copy one year, cash in advance,\$1.00
One copy, payable during the year,\$1.50
Ten Copies, one year,10.00
An extra copy to the getter up of a club of Ten.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, first insertion\$1.00
Each subsequent insertion,50
Yearly advertisements inserted on very liberal terms.

JOB WORK.

Done with dispatch and in the latest style of the art. Payment required for all Job Work on delivery.

All Communications, or matters relating to the business of the office, should be addressed to
JNO. P. CONE,
EDITOR AND PUBLISHER,
Marysville, Kansas.

Wayside Flowers.

"Still, in thy Dream-land, Poesy,
Oh what a Heaven of beauty lies;
Fairer than the blended glories
Of a thousand sunset skies.
Meads and vales of tempo stretching
(Nest soft skies of changeless blue,
O'er whose velvet sod are clustered
Floral Gems and Pearls of dew."

Who do not admire the following poem have "no music in their souls." It is by FLORENCE PERRY.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again, just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoes shore,
Take me again to your heart, as of yore—
Kiss from my forehead the furrow of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair—
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep—
Rock me to sleep, mother, rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears—
Toil without recompense—tears all in vain—
Take them and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away—
Weary of sowing for others to reap—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother, O mother, my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Faded and faded—our faces between—
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain,
Long I to-night for your presence again:
Come from the silence no longer and so deep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone—
No other worship abides and endures,
Faithful, unselfish and patient, like yours—
None like a mother can charm away pain,
From the sick soul and the world weary brain:
Slumber's soft calm o'er my heavy lids creep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old—
Let it fall over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light—
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more,
Happily will I through the sweet visions of yore,
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

Mother! dear mother, the years have been long,
Since I last listened to your lullaby song—
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream;
Clasped to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep—
Rock me to sleep, mother—rock me to sleep!

SONG.

O spirit of the summer time!
Bring back the roses to the dells;
The swallows from the distant clime,
The honey-bee from distant cells.

Bring back the friendship of the sun—
The gilded evenings, calm and late,
When merry children homeward run,
And peeping stars bid lovers wait.

Bring back the singing and the scent
Of meadow lands at dewy prime;
O bring again my heart's content,
Thou spirit of the summer time!

INFLUENCE.

A nameless man amid a crowd
That thronged the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love
Unstudied from the heart—

A whisper on the tumult thrown,
A transient breath;
It raised a brother from the dust,
It saved a soul from death.

O gem! O word! O fount of love!
O thought at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first,
But mighty at the last!

BRAVE WORDS FROM KENTUCKY.

A Kentuckian on the Negro Question—The Cry of Abolitionists—Speech of Col. Leonidas Metcalfe.

At a meeting of the Union men held in Carlisle, Nicholas county, Kentucky, Apr. 11, a stirring speech was made by Colonel Leonidas Metcalfe. Mr. M. is a conservative and was a strong friend of Breckinridge before the outbreak of the rebellion. We extract as follows:

I had started to pay my respects to the negro-lover of the South. There has been no election since I can remember but the cry of nigger was raised. A constable, coroner, judge or president could not be nominated but the same old tune was ground. Law after law was passed to tighten the tenure by which we held them. State laws, fugitive laws, territorial legislatures might legislate a white man to the devil, if they chose, if he had *nary a nigger*; but laws were passed to prevent them from legislating on the subject of nigger. A Republican Congress passed laws to prevent themselves from legislating on negroes in the territories, still the cry was more security, more concessions, until they require all to kneel to Gessler's cap, or else they are not the Simon pure, or at least they are not the Simon Buckner pure. They swear that it is God's institution, and that in his sublime wisdom he instigated the trader to the pious calling of catching and chaining the wild African in the hold of some gloomy ship to transport him from his native hills where his soul is in danger, to the cotton fields of America, all for the glory of God and the increase of his kingdom; that their pursuits and pleasures in Africa are loathsome to God; but when they are transported to the cotton fields and learned to raise six bales to the hand, great is his reward for he now pleases the Lord and shall have a seat in Heaven; while traitors who have so long been protected in making black angels quietly pocket the proceeds of the cotton. To all this you must solemnly promise or swear or you are an abolitionist. And some of these traitors are helping to populate Heaven with angels only half black. This is no joke; all this has been preached from the pulpit by the said sooty-winged nigger satellites. They do not sin against man, but blaspheme God; they are obsequious dallying and flattery to a corrupt, fly-blown, and rotten government; not see any other way out of the present predicament but nigger; they are on the road to Heaven but on the nigger's back. They must have the Missouri compromise, or they will break up the government. Then the Missouri compromise must be repealed, it ain't fair, or they will knock all the underpinnings from under Uncle Samuel.

Kansas must be allowed to do as she pleases—no intervention. Our sweet scented Beriah, who lives in the Governor's palace and don't rule the destinies of Kentucky exactly as he would wish to, made a speech in our county-town when he was a candidate, in which he said that Congress had no power to legislate on slavery, and must not intervene in Kansas affairs; that he would draw his sword and fight, before he would ask Congress to pass a pro-slavery or anti-slavery law for Kansas, for that would be setting the example that Congress had a right to intervene, and it might hereafter pass some law that we did not like, and we complained they would tell us we must put up with it, because we asked them to open the door of intervention, and the point was settled; but behold! when Kansas herself attempts to settle her own business, they shift round and attempt to force her to be a slave State against her will. They have been permitted to change ground many times on that subject in the last five years. They are as unreasonable as a baby with a toy;

cry if you give it to them, cry if you don't give it to them, and like the spoiled child, they must now be spanked and put to rest. I have heard it preached ever since I can remember, that all we ask was to let us manage our own State affairs as we pleased, particularly our own peculiar institutions; that the North wanted to take them away from us without compensation; that if the North would only acknowledge that there is such a thing as property in man, we would be satisfied, now the President offers to us, to let us do just as we please. Buy our negroes if we wish to sell, and if we do not want to sell, why, "keep them and that is the end of it," and we will be protected with them, thereby acknowledging that they are property, and thereby offering to defeat the abolitionists, in taking them without compensation; and also spoiling the grand argument of the disunionists, that Lincoln and his yankee hordes would take our negroes from us. They are mad at Lincoln for letting us do as we please; some of them denying the rebellion having anything to do with nigger, and therefore, Lincoln is an abolitionist for bringing in the sacred name of nigger at this time. And some Union men are very hard to be pleased with anything the Government does, and such men rarely complain at the iniquity being enacted by the rebels. If Jeff. Davis had come out with the same message, they would have pronounced it the most liberal, fair, impartial, statesmanlike document that was ever offered for the consideration of the people of common sense.—Oh! consistency, thou art a jewel, made of gum-elastic, and can be stretched to suit the conscience. The cry of Abolitionist is the whip that is continually held up to scare the ignorant into the Democratic, and now the secession ranks. If you look at things with common sense, you are an Abolitionist. If you are for your country, and for the maintenance of the Union, you are an Abolitionist. Put a stop to these silly arguments, and let us hear some sense.

Col. Forney, writing from Washington to the Philadelphia Press, in regard to the address recently issued by the democratic members of congress, truthfully says: "No more emphatic admonition of the purposes entertained by the leaders of the present democratic organization could have been laid before the American people than his extraordinary production. Not a single word appears in this address in favor of the war for the maintenance of the government, or in opposition to the rebels who are fighting for its overthrow. Is it not amazing, in such a crisis as this, while nearly seven hundred thousand free men are offering their lives as a sacrifice to the flag—while hundreds of families are mourning the loss of their husbands, fathers, sons, and brothers, and with the record before their eyes of the monstrous atrocities perpetrated upon the wounded who have fallen into the hands of the traitors, and even upon the dead bodies of these who died in honorable battle—that distinguished gentlemen professing to represent a large portion of the people of the United States, should deliberately and coldly refuse to say that the war in which we are now engaged is a just war, and that it is being conducted to preserve the freest and most generous government in the world? The bravery, and the skill, and the moderation which have extorted from foreign and hostile nations expressions of astonishment and praise, do not awaken a single throb in the breasts of these fourteen Democratic members of Congress."

In speaking of the future policy of the Republican party, the Topeka Record says: "While we think the times demand, and the circumstances of the Republican party, at the present, warrant an unusual degree of liberality in the policy and conduct of the coming campaign, we would yet consider it unnecessary and impolitic to entirely ignore political distinctness. Let the committee call a Republican Convention, which it is only authorized to do. When the Convention shall come together, however, we hope to see it governed by a wise discretion and magnanimous liberality in the disposition of its favors, making undivided fealty to the Government—a zealous support of the President, in the conduct of the war, and undisputed fitness for place, the ruling issues."

"Old Brains," is the significant but somewhat disrespectful title bestowed upon Gen. Halleck by his troops. "Well, gentlemen does not all of this suggest to your minds a gleam of common sense? Does not the weary sentinel begin to ask himself, when will the relief come around? But no relief ever comes. Ah, me when or how shall I ever find time to enjoy myself with my loved ones?—Where is that happiness this sacred institution is to produce? When shall I rest? Now I see this never-ending clamor has at last beat it into my head that I had better take the value of these gems from Africa's burning sands, and invest in something that will not forever disturb my peace, use the musket on traitors, and take the hoe myself. Nigger and cotton has produced this rebellion, and should be made to foot the bill. There is a big nigger scare still on our Congress. They shrink, afraid to take the bull by the horns; it is not just that loyal men should fight out the battles to save their country from the iniquity of traitors, and then pay the damages they have caused. China had to foot the bill with England. Mexico had to come up to the clerk's office and settle, and the Swiss rebels had to pay for all the diables they broke; and about twenty-five dollars per head on nigger, and two cents on cotton, will soon pay for educating the Southern mind."

How IT AFFECTS OBSERVERS.—The Rev. A. H. Quint, who left West Roxbury Mass. with the 2nd Regiment last summer, opposed to the Anti-Slavery movement, has gained new views of duty from his observation in Virginia. He writes to the Congregationalist: "I am no fanatic. I never even voted a Republican ticket. But this eight months' campaign on slave soil, in localities where slavery assumes its mild type; has made me feel—and I do assure my conservative ministerial brethren—that the whole system is infamous. 'The sins of slavery?' There are none: it is slaveholding itself that is the sin. Its effects on the masters is one of its greatest evils; it perverts the conscience, warps the intellect, brutalizes the heart. Believe no such nonsense as that 'the slaves are contented.' They, with no noticeable exception, long to be free."

How IT AFFECTS OBSERVERS.—The Rev. A. H. Quint, who left West Roxbury Mass. with the 2nd Regiment last summer, opposed to the Anti-Slavery movement, has gained new views of duty from his observation in Virginia. He writes to the Congregationalist: "I am no fanatic. I never even voted a Republican ticket. But this eight months' campaign on slave soil, in localities where slavery assumes its mild type; has made me feel—and I do assure my conservative ministerial brethren—that the whole system is infamous. 'The sins of slavery?' There are none: it is slaveholding itself that is the sin. Its effects on the masters is one of its greatest evils; it perverts the conscience, warps the intellect, brutalizes the heart. Believe no such nonsense as that 'the slaves are contented.' They, with no noticeable exception, long to be free."

A timely present. A watch-dog. The dying hog's farewell. I'll meet you next week. Want to know. Did the two duellists who fired at the same moment hit it? Never hire a man to do a piece of work which you can do yourself. It is about equally dangerous to take advice from your enemies as to give it to your friends. When the Government is afflicted, the political doctors generally apply leeches to its chest. Extra Tax.—All classes are now "taxing their ingenuity" to escape their particular impost. If a bear were to go into a dry-goods shop, what would he want? He would want muzzlin. Truth is said to be in the bottom of a well but some men kick the bucket without ever drawing it up. Lose no fragment of the day in idleness. Resolve, that, when day breaks, you will save the pieces. It is impossible to look at the sleepers, in a church, without being reminded that Sunday is a day of rest. An inveterate toper and intense hater of water lately finished up his life appropriately, by viadictively "kicking the bucket."

An infallible way of preventing a kitchen-door from creaking, is said to be, to engage a servant girl whose beau comes to the house to see her. A crusty old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve because, when she appeared, man's day of happiness was fast drawing to a close. Children's games seem to be growing popular with adults now-a-days, and is not an uncommon thing to see men of all ages chasing hoops in the street. An honest Hibernian, upon reading his physician's bill, replied that he had no objection to pay him for his medicines, but his visits he would return. Carrying politeness to excess is said to be raising your hat to a young lady in the street and allowing a couple of dirty collar and a pair of socks to fall out on the sidewalk. Women—the morning star of our youth; the day star of our manhood; the evening star of our age. Heaven bless our stars—and stripes. "Well, John," said a doctor to a lad whose mother he had been attending during her illness, "how is your mother?" "She's dead I thank you, sir." Polite rendering of, "Don't crow before you get out of the woods." Do not lift up your voice in exaltation before issuing from the umbrageous recesses of the forest.

How IT AFFECTS OBSERVERS.—The Rev. A. H. Quint, who left West Roxbury Mass. with the 2nd Regiment last summer, opposed to the Anti-Slavery movement, has gained new views of duty from his observation in Virginia. He writes to the Congregationalist: "I am no fanatic. I never even voted a Republican ticket. But this eight months' campaign on slave soil, in localities where slavery assumes its mild type; has made me feel—and I do assure my conservative ministerial brethren—that the whole system is infamous. 'The sins of slavery?' There are none: it is slaveholding itself that is the sin. Its effects on the masters is one of its greatest evils; it perverts the conscience, warps the intellect, brutalizes the heart. Believe no such nonsense as that 'the slaves are contented.' They, with no noticeable exception, long to be free."

A timely present. A watch-dog. The dying hog's farewell. I'll meet you next week. Want to know. Did the two duellists who fired at the same moment hit it? Never hire a man to do a piece of work which you can do yourself. It is about equally dangerous to take advice from your enemies as to give it to your friends. When the Government is afflicted, the political doctors generally apply leeches to its chest. Extra Tax.—All classes are now "taxing their ingenuity" to escape their particular impost. If a bear were to go into a dry-goods shop, what would he want? He would want muzzlin. Truth is said to be in the bottom of a well but some men kick the bucket without ever drawing it up. Lose no fragment of the day in idleness. Resolve, that, when day breaks, you will save the pieces. It is impossible to look at the sleepers, in a church, without being reminded that Sunday is a day of rest. An inveterate toper and intense hater of water lately finished up his life appropriately, by viadictively "kicking the bucket."

An infallible way of preventing a kitchen-door from creaking, is said to be, to engage a servant girl whose beau comes to the house to see her. A crusty old bachelor says that Adam's wife was called Eve because, when she appeared, man's day of happiness was fast drawing to a close. Children's games seem to be growing popular with adults now-a-days, and is not an uncommon thing to see men of all ages chasing hoops in the street. An honest Hibernian, upon reading his physician's bill, replied that he had no objection to pay him for his medicines, but his visits he would return. Carrying politeness to excess is said to be raising your hat to a young lady in the street and allowing a couple of dirty collar and a pair of socks to fall out on the sidewalk. Women—the morning star of our youth; the day star of our manhood; the evening star of our age. Heaven bless our stars—and stripes. "Well, John," said a doctor to a lad whose mother he had been attending during her illness, "how is your mother?" "She's dead I thank you, sir." Polite rendering of, "Don't crow before you get out of the woods." Do not lift up your voice in exaltation before issuing from the umbrageous recesses of the forest.

How IT AFFECTS OBSERVERS.—The Rev. A. H. Quint, who left West Roxbury Mass. with the 2nd Regiment last summer, opposed to the Anti-Slavery movement, has gained new views of duty from his observation in Virginia. He writes to the Congregationalist: "I am no fanatic. I never even voted a Republican ticket. But this eight months' campaign on slave soil, in localities where slavery assumes its mild type; has made me feel—and I do assure my conservative ministerial brethren—that the whole system is infamous. 'The sins of slavery?' There are none: it is slaveholding itself that is the sin. Its effects on the masters is one of its greatest evils; it perverts the conscience, warps the intellect, brutalizes the heart. Believe no such nonsense as that 'the slaves are contented.' They, with no noticeable exception, long to be free."

A timely present. A watch-dog. The dying hog's farewell. I'll meet you next week. Want to know. Did the two duellists who fired at the same moment hit it? Never hire a man to do a piece of work which you can do yourself. It is about equally dangerous to take advice from your enemies as to give it to your friends. When the Government is afflicted, the political doctors generally apply leeches to its chest. Extra Tax.—All classes are now "taxing their ingenuity" to escape their particular impost. If a bear were to go into a dry-goods shop, what would he want? He would want muzzlin. Truth is said to be in the bottom of a well but some men kick the bucket without ever drawing it up. Lose no fragment of the day in idleness. Resolve, that, when day breaks, you will save the pieces. It is impossible to look at the sleepers, in a church, without being reminded that Sunday is a day of rest. An inveterate toper and intense hater of water lately finished up his life appropriately, by viadictively "kicking the bucket."